

400 SONNETS. *PARTHENOPHIL*

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All" waitings have outworn ! Angel of Bliss!
which cheers me night and morn! Sweet
Cloud! which now, with my soul dost enfold !

Salve to my Soul! once sick.

Let men in Inde iborn

Cease boasting of rich drugs, and sweet
perfume ! Egyptian gums, and odours
Arabic,

I loath ! and wood, dear sold,

From myrrh and cypress torn !

Tarry, sweet kiss ! Do not in clouds
consume!

Yet can I feel thy spirit moving
quick, O why should air
presume

To be her spirit's rival ? What
do I speak ? Nor am I
lunatic! I cannot live; else would
I not assume

Cold air, to contrive all

My sorrows, with immixion.

Then die ! whilst this sweet spirit thee
doth prick! Whilst thy sweet comfort's
kisses are alive all!

And love's sweet jurisdiction

Will make thee die possessed

Of all heaven's joys; which, for most
comfort, strive all! Lest Death, to Pleasure
should give interdiction,

Ah let my lips be pressed!

And, with continual kisses, Pour
everlasting spirit to my life. So,
shall I always live ! so, still be
blessed!

Kiss still! and make no misses !

Double ! redouble kisses ! Murmur
affections ! War in pleasing strife!
Press lips ! Lips, rest oppressed !

This Passion is no fiction.